

URANIA.

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A

Funeral Elegy,

ON THE

DEATH

OF OUR

Gracious QUEEN of ever  
Blessed Memory.

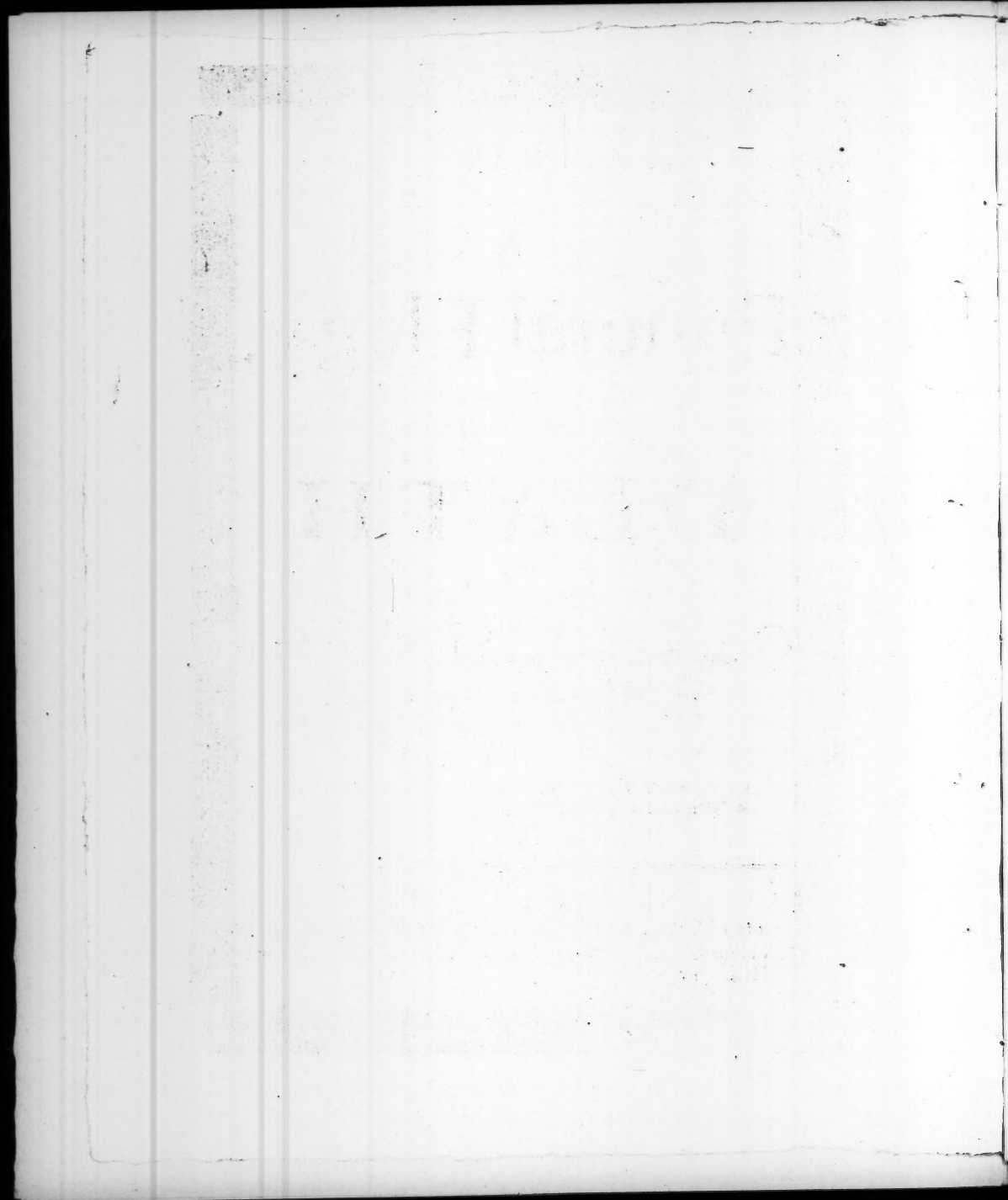
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*Give Sorrow Words, the Grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o're-charg'd Heart, and bids it break.  
Shakespear.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for John Graves, over against Will's Coffee-house in  
Covent-Garden : And Sold by John Whislock near Stationers-  
Hall. 1695.



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# Funeral Elegy.

**D**eath knows no Forms, Distinction or Degree,  
But claims an Universal Manarchy;  
And when He Strickes, as surely falls to ground  
The Hand that's Scepter'd and the Head that's Crown'd;  
As the poor VVretch whose life is doom'd to know  
No State, but that of Slavery and VVoe.

But wonder not, Ye Princes, at your Fate,  
VVho for a time so Pow'rful are, and Great;  
VVhen the most Glorious Prince, cou'd no where have  
A Place to lay his Head, but in the Grave.

B

Mighty

Ken Kes - Stanikill - Sept. 177  
secret work

Renew her Sorrows for the Dead in Dust :  
 From the cold Tomb new Tribute does arise  
 Of Groans, of bleeding Breasts and streaming Eyes.  
 Is She not worthy, *Adieu*, of thy Tears ?  
 Of all the needfull Pomp thy Sorrow wears ?  
 Was She not all thy Joy, thy Happiness,  
 And darling Hope of a new Age of Bliss ?  
 Did not her wonted Health, and Vigour promise This ?  
 O yes ! She was — It Did —  
 Mourn then her Unexpected, Sad Decease  
 VWhich rob'd Thee of such Joys, such hopes as These ;  
 VWhile I Present Her [ *Injur'd* ] to thy View,  
 Yet shew enough to make thee Bleed anew.

*Nature* and *Grace* here exquisitely joynd  
 To Finish, without Art, a *Form* and *Mind*,  
 The best created *Loveliness*, a Charm  
 All Hearts to Conquer, and all Hands disarm ;

VWhile

While innate *Sweetness* did her Soul refine,  
 And *Virtue* stamp'd on it a lasting Shine.  
 The *Grand Exemplar* to our Sex, Alone  
 Th' imitable *Standard* of her own :  
 As far excelling All in every Grace,  
 As she in *Dignity* excell'd the Race.

*But She's no more, the Heav'n-born Soul is fled  
 To bliss, and left the beauteous Body dead.*

Plac'd High as the bright *Ruler* of our Days.  
 Yet kind and *Condescending* as his Rays.  
 Gentle to All, who new *Obedience* took  
 That kindled from the Kindness of her Look.  
 Easy and *Affable* to that Degree,  
 As some thought unbecoming Majesty ;  
 But sure those *Criticks* ne're deserv'd the grace,  
 Who cou'd to see Her Smile, Uprai'd the Face.  
 They who *Humility* in Princes blame,  
 Forget the *Virtue* there may change his name,  
 Where *Generosity* and That's the same.

}  
 For



For what in Others does a *Debt* remain,  
 Becomes a *Favour*, when beyond our Claim.  
*But She's no more ; Rais'd by Humility*  
*Above the prospect of the proudest Eye.*

Her *Piety*—but O my feeble Pen  
 Starts back, and fears to touch the Awful *Theam*.  
 VVhat must I do ? —O now that I cou'd VVrite,  
 To rouse the British Eagle to a Flight,  
 With her Unerring VVing,  
 And strike the Heavenly String !  
 But on my Muse, and to the VVorld impart  
 How Good She was, or how Unskill'd thou art.  
 Devotion was her Constant True Delight,  
 The Lamp was ever burning, ever bright  
 Kept up a daily Intercourse with Heav'n,  
 VVhich smooth'd the way of Life, and held her Even.  
 No fond Enthusiastick Transports joyn'd  
 To mix with the chaste Ardours of her Mind  
 And taint the Sweet ascending Sacrifice,  
 The Heart did burn; but flam'd not in her Eyes.



Sure if in Mortal ever did appear,  
 The very Beauty of true Holiness, 'twas Here.  
 VWhich thus reflected on the outward Shrine,  
 Declar'd the Treasure, it contain'd, Divine.  
 Rome's Temples *then* wou'd have Embal'd thy Fame,  
 The Prayers to their *Virgin* had come lame,  
 VVith Thought of *Thee*, when they Invok'd *her* name.  
*But She's no more, Rewarded Piety*  
*Confirms Her now the Saint Sh' appear'd to be.*

VWho can her wondrous Charity express?  
 VWhich yet the *warmth* of Thousands must Confess?  
 Blest Queen! 'twas thy Contrivance how to spare,  
 That Others might the well-plac'd bounty share,  
 And the Delight it gave Thee, Crowns thy Character.  
*But She's no more, and sure had little need*  
*Of Charity, who had no sins to hide.*

How in our Monarch's Absence did She Reign!  
 How well the VWeight of Government sustain!

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Of so Correct a Judgment in that Art;  
Her Constancy became a necessary part.  
Thy *Salick* Law no longer, *Gallia*, boast,  
Howeret he Sexe's Charter there be lost,  
A VVoman here cou'd Govern to thy Cost.  
The *Lillies* trembled at the *Lyons* Roar,  
VVhile flaming Forts justly confest the Pow'r  
Of that most Lib'ral Art They taught the VVorld before.

The Dear *Palladium* of her Country's Peace,  
VVhose Heav'nly meekness conquer'd the Excess  
Of warring Minds, and forc'd 'em to relent;  
At least in loving Her all Parties did Consent.  
So mild, so sweet a Temper cou'd not fail  
O're the most stubborn Natures to prevail:  
(How cou'd the Softer Sex then ever Rail?)

Great is thy *Victory*, O *Grave*, wherein

Lie the dear, blest Remains of such a Queen;

VVho

VWho as She Liv'd, calmly resign'd her breath,  
 Appearing pleas'd even in the Arms of Death ;  
 Smil'd at the Stroke, which had for her no Sting,  
 Felt by All else, but chiefly by the King ;  
 The Pious King, for whom Alone we live,  
 The King who only can our Loss Retreive.

*Here Rest in Peace, and sweetest Slumbers take,  
 Till the last Joyful Sound thy Dust awake,  
 And raise it to a Crown Hands cannot make ;  
 While we are Orphans doubly Thus become.  
 And envy the Embraces of thy Tomb.*

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